A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flagge,
To bee the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to me and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
where be the thronging troupes that followed thee
Decline all this and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, amoſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humble ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemyes.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your clients woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators o
Let them haue ſcope, thou
Helpe not all, yet not doe
Dut. If ſo, then be not te
And in the breath of bitter
My damned ſonne, which
I heare his drum, be copiou
Enter King Richard
and trn
King. Who intercepts m
Dut. A ſhe, that might ha
By ſtrangling thee in her ac
From all the ſlaughters wre
Qu. Had'ſt thou that ſor
Where ſhould be grauen, i
The ſlaughter of the Prince
And the dire death of my t
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue,
Dut. Thou tode, thou too
And little Ned Plantagenet
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtin*
King. A flouriſh trumpets
Let not the heauens heare t
Raile on the Lord anointe
Either be patient and intrea
Or with the clamorous rep
Thus will I drowne your e
Dut. art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, m
Dut. Then patiently heare
King. Madam I haue a tou
Which cannot brooke the a
Dut. I will be milde and g
King. and briefe good mo
Dut. art thou ſo haſtie I ha
God knowes in anguiſh, pa
King. and came I not at la
Dut. No by the holy rood
Thou camſt on earth, to ma

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